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MY STORY OF MY LIFE

BY
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FROM PHOTO.
TAKEN
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CHAPTER XVIII.

I KNOCK OUT CORBETT, THE GREATEST BOXER OF THEM ALL.

THE Seaside A. C. at Coney Island was packed that Friday night when I fought Corbett. At least 8,000 people turned out. Corbett was first in the ring, and I didn't keep him waiting. George Considine, Billy Madden, Gus Rublin and Leo Pardello were in Jim's corner, and Brady, Ryan, Jack and Dunkhorst were behind me. Charlie White, the referee, came in ten minutes later.

As soon as Jim and I met we shook hands, and it was like meeting an old friend. We were going to fight all right, but that was a business proposition. Corbett smiled as if he was half-dickied to death to see me again, and I guess he was. Jim was the only man in the whole place who knew what kind of fighting condition he was in that night. He knew he was fit to fight for his life.

The bell rang, and we came together slowly in the middle of the ring. I had plenty of time to size Corbett up. His skin was white as marble except around his wrists and his neck and his head, where he was tanned to a sort of mahogany color. Anybody could see that he'd been doing a lot of work out in the sun.

My recollection of this fight is a little confused. It wasn't like any fight I'd been in before. Right at the start Corbett began dancing around, light as a feather, in and out, reaching for me with the left and getting away from my rushes in a way that made me feel so foolish I had to stop and laugh. Then when I grinned he'd jab again and jump away like a rabbit. The crowd was cheering Corbett for his cleverness, and he deserved all the cheering he got. I landed on him now and then, but he was always going away so fast that the blows didn't do much damage. It's a lot easier to beat a man who'll stand up and fight than one who runs away and picks his own time to trade punches with you.

I kept on chasing Jim as fast as I could, slamming punches at him whenever he was in range. Most of them he blocked and some got through to the mark. In the meantime he was pecking at me with both hands with-



IN THE NINTH JIM THOUGHT HE WAS WINNING.

out stopping except for a sprint when I got too hot on his trail. Now and then he came to a clinch and as White broke us away snapped left and right to my face almost before I could move. He was the fastest man and the greatest boxer I ever saw that night. Along in the third or fourth round Corbett ran around and around me in circles, while I stood and pivoted to face him. When I finally lunged out to get him Corbett laughed and ran away untouched. As the fight went along he grew more and more confident and used his right hand now and then, sending it over as hard as he could.

In the ninth round Jim thought he was winning. He rapped me a couple on the chin and then swung his right to the same spot so hard that the force of the blow shoved me back on my heels. I could see his eyes blaze as he thought he had me staggering, and for a minute he rushed and took a wild chance mixing with me in the hope of landing a knockout. I grinned and blocked his blows and walked right into him without starting a punch. In the next round he went at



Pictorial Phases of Theodore Roosevelt's Great Tour

me just as hard. It was wonderful how that fellow could land and get away. I chased him around and around the ring until I was tired, and still he sprinted or dashed in again when he saw an opening. My nose was bleeding, and my right eye was badly swollen.

The fight was half over now. All along Tommy Ryan kept telling me to "take my time" and "jab him." When I walked out at the beginning of each round Brady yelled instructions after me so loud that Corbett couldn't help hearing. I asked Brady if he was trying to get me licked, and he kept quiet after that. Ryan was still telling me to jab and box and take my time, but as the fight went along the crowd yelled "Corbett, Corbett, Corbett!" louder and louder, and I began to think what the decision might be if I didn't get him. Why should I be changing my style to suit Tommy Ryan and be boxing a man like Corbett instead of cutting loose as hard and fast as I could until I landed the right punch? I began to suspect that Ryan was a little more interested in Corbett than he was in me. I told Ryan to keep still and went out to fight my own fight. Round after round I chased Corbett and landed whenever I could get him into a corner. Even then he blocked most of the blows with his elbows or his crossed arms. But one of my swings glanced from his shoulder and hit him on the jaw and shook him badly, and after that I landed oftener. In the nineteenth Jim looked tired. He tried to duck under a left and lost his footing and fell. He jumped up quickly.

Through this nineteenth round Ryan kept yelling to me and telling me to "stick the left out." Near the end of the round there was a fuss in the corner, and when I walked back for the rest before the twentieth Brady was in the corner and Tommy Ryan had disappeared. Brady told me afterward that Ryan's advice made him more and more suspicious as the fight went on. He began to suspect that Ryan was trying to make me lose, so he jumped up and told Ryan to get out of my corner.

"Get down or I'll bust your head," Ryan said. Brady jumped down and went out for two policemen with their clubs. He put them right behind my corner and climbed up again.

"You get away from this corner," said Brady. "Get away yourself before I take a punch at you," said Ryan. "This is my club, and I'm Jeff's manager," said Brady. "I'm just hiring you. If you don't get back there and keep still I'll hand you to those two cops, and they'll throw you out."

Tommy looked at the cops and climbed down. Brady jumped up, and as I came back to my corner he whispered: "Jim, they've got the tip over in the other corner that Corbett's going to get the decision. Your only chance is to knock him out. Forget everything about boxing and go out and fight."

From that on I never gave Corbett time to stop on one spot. I knew I'd have to get him. I had my second wind, and the tired feeling had all gone. As for Corbett, he was wilting. Game and clever as he was, he could not stand the pace much longer. He ran for his life around the ring, and when I caught him he slipped his left shoulder into me and clinched. In the twenty-second I swung my right so hard that it knocked him down, although it only landed on his shoulder. Corbett jumped up instantly and mixed with me. I put a heavy left into his ribs, which were red and sore now, and he winced and lost some of his speed.

The bell rang, and I went back to my chair. Tom O'Rourke ran around to my corner and said to Brady: "For heaven's sake send this man in. He's losing!"

"I am, am I?" I said to myself. Just then the bell rang for the beginning of the twenty-third. There wasn't much time left, and I surely didn't want to risk losing that championship decision. I jumped out of my chair and ran at Corbett as hard as I could go. He jabbed lightly and skipped away, but before he could gather himself I was after him with a rush. I

drove him back nearly to the ropes, and here I saw the right chance at last. I hooked my left into his stomach, throwing him back hard against the ropes within a yard of his own corner. As he bounced back I brought the left up obliquely to his jaw—my double punch. It lifted Corbett up in the air, and he fell to the floor solidly like a sack of grain. His right arm lay under him and his neck rested across the rope of the ring. He struggled a little and fell back limp, and White began to count. While the count was going on I saw Considine trying to throw a bucket of water over Corbett to arouse him, which was against the rules of the game. Reaching through the ropes, I kicked at Considine to drive him back, and he fell over two or three people, water bucket and all. Jim was counted out, and Charlie White helped to carry him to his corner. After a minute or so he revived enough to stagger over and shake hands. I felt sorry for him, for he certainly had made a great and a game fight.

That was a night to be remembered. The fight had been so sensational that when it was all over the crowd went wild. Hundreds of people swarmed over the ring, some cheering for Corbett because of his fine showing and some for me because I had won like a champion with a knockout. I got dressed as soon as I could and started for Ben Cohen's. I had my lucky No. 1 room there that night. It was only a block or so from the club, and I tried to hustle through the crowd. But it was no use. Before I knew what was happening a lot of men grabbed me and shoved me up on their shoulders. There wasn't any use in struggling, so I just lay back across a bunch of heads as if I had a couch under me, with a big cigar in my mouth, and made the best of it.

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Murdered by Black Hand. Failure to hold a Black Hand society's order to give up money resulted in the brutal murder of Tony Serafini, one of a gang of Italians employed by Fogel & Co., of Williamsburg, in constructing a piece of state road leading out of Neffsville, near Lancaster, Pa.

The murdered man, who had been in this country twenty years, had amassed a fortune of considerable size. Some was kept in banks in Philadelphia and New York, but he was known to have more than \$20,000 on his person constantly. Several days ago an Italian, called Tony, applied to Fogel & Co. for em-

ployment. Serafini, who was the commissary on the work, feared the stranger, whom he avoided at all times. When the men went to their dinner they found the storekeeper's body lying in a pool of blood. He had first been shot, and his head was split open with an axe. The contents of the shanty indicated a desperate struggle. All of Serafini's money was

gone, and the empty money belt was found near the shanty.

Killed in Flat Fight. Private Henry F. Fry, of the One Hundred and Forty-fourth company, at Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's island, near Charleston, S. C., has been killed by Private J. T. Murray in a fist fight.

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